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DICK'S
AMERICAN
EDITION

TWO GENTLEMEN AT MIVART'S

NEW YORK
DICK & FITZGERALD
PUBLISHERS

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TWO GENTLEMEN AT MIVART'S

A DRAMATIC DUOLOGUE
IN ONE ACT

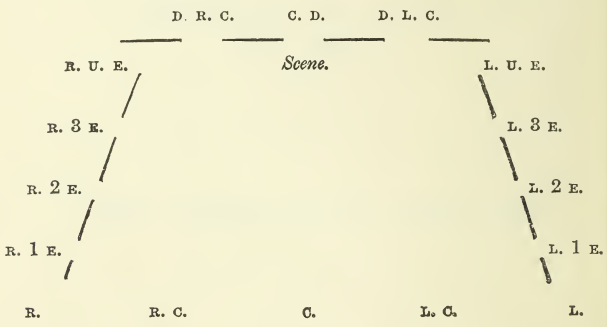
FOR MALE CHARACTERS ONLY

By J. Palgrave Simpson

New York
DICK & FITZGERALD
18 Ann Street

EXPLANATION OF THE STAGE DIRECTIONS.

The actor is supposed to face the Audience.



L. Left.

L. C. Left Centre.

L. 1 E. Left First Entrance.

L. 2 E. Left Second Entrance.

L. 3 E. Left Third Entrance.

L. U. E. Left Upper Entrance. (just in front of Scene.)

D. L. C. Door Left Centre.

C. D. Centre Door.

C. Centre.

R. Right.

R. C. Right Centre.

R. 1 E. Right First Entrance.

R. 2 E. Right Second Entrance.

R. 3 E. Right Third Entrance.

R. U. E. Right Upper Entrance. (just in front of Scene.)

D. R. C. Door Right Centre.

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TWO GENTLEMEN AT MIVART'S

A DRAMATIC DUOLOGUE IN ONE SHORT ACT AND ONE SCENE.

By J. PALGRAVE SIMPSON.

For Male Characters only.

Time—The Present. *Costumes*—Modern.

CHARACTERS.

An Elderly Gentleman. | A Young Gentleman.

SCENE—*An Ante-room in Mivart's Hotel. Doors,* R. *and* L. *Table,* R., *on which an umbrella is lying. Chairs.*

Enter the Elderly Gentleman, R. D.

Elderly Gentleman. (*speaking back, and waving his hand at the door with affectation*). Ta, ta, fair lady! Keep up your spirits. I shall be back soon. (*coming forward*) Come, there can be no doubt of the matter. I have made an impression and a devilish good impression, I flatter myself. I have but to pop the question, and she will accept me with her eyes shut. A capital match!—good connections—good fortune—just the thing for me! I don't know what sort of grimace my family will make, though, to my marrying at my years. My years! nonsense! Why, I am in my very best years—at the age of—well, never mind. After all, what can my family say to it? I'm a bachelor. Hum! When I say "bachelor," it ought, perhaps, to be "widower." But that is such an old story; and my only encumbrance has been off my hands so long, that it is just the same as if I had none at all. So that's all right. Well, I'll be off to Swan and Edgar's, and see whether I cannot find something to please the fancy of my pretty widow here. I am glad she took up her town quarters at Mivart's; for here one can run in and out without remark and without obstacle.

U. C. ILL. LIB.

As he speaks, gets to door, L., *and knocks against the* YOUNG GENTLEMAN, *who enters abruptly.*

E. GENT. Well, sir!

YOUNG GENTLEMAN. Well, sir!

E. GENT. You might have seen where you were coming, sir.

Y. GENT. And you might have seen where you were going, sir.

E. GENT. The door was wide enough to avoid any pushing, sir.

Y. GENT. I perfectly coincide in your opinion, sir.

E. GENT. No matter, sir.

Y. GENT. No offence, sir.

E. GENT. (*aside*). What the deuce can that young fellow be doing here?

Y. GENT. (*aside*). I should like to know what that elderly individual is philandering about here for.

E. GENT. (*aside*). I don't like the looks of him at all.

[*Exit*, L. D., *looking suspiciously at* YOUNG GENTLEMAN.

Y. GENT. Well, I have come up from Oxford on a spree; and, by Jove, the campaign seems to open with spirit. I dashed off to the Park to see something of the gay world, galloped down Rotten Row, spied a pair of bright eyes in Lady Blunder's carriage, evidently created a sensation—for I'll be sworn, by the glances from those same bright eyes, that she was flattered by my attentions—tracked my fair incognita to this hotel, where the old lady set her down, tipped the porter to let me know where her rooms were—and here I am! Once in the fortress, I'm not to be dislodged in a hurry. I must reconnoitre my ground, however. (*looking* R.) That must be the room where the aforesaid bright eyes shine. I wonder whether she is alone. It isn't quite the thing, I know; but, come what may, I must have a peep; there's no resisting the temptation. (*goes on tiptoe to* R. D., *and peeps through the keyhole.*)

Enter ELDERLY GENTLEMAN, L. D.

E. GENT. I've left my umbrella, and it's beginning to rain; and when a man's made up for the day, damp's the devil! (*takes his umbrella from table, turns and sees* YOUNG GENTLEMAN) Hollo! what is that young fellow doing near my intended's door? (*coughs loudly.*)

Y. GENT. (*startled and turning*). Hollo! what's the row? Here's old Philander again! Ah! hem! (*lets fall his riding whip, and pretends to pick it up. Aside*) I think that dodge deceived him. He can't say I was caught in the act.

E. GENT. (*aside*). That looks monstrously suspicious. Can he be a rival?

Y. GENT. (*aside*). What can he want? Deuce take the intruder! This is very awkward.

E GENT. (*aside*). I can't say I'm jealous; but I feel very queer

Y. GENT. (*aside*). I'll brazen him out.

E. GENT. (*aside*). How he stares !

Y. GEN. (*aside*). What ferocious eyes he makes at me !

E. GENT. Ahem !

Y. GENT. (*mimicking*). Ahem !

E. GENT. Did you speak, sir ?

Y. GENT. No ; I thought you did, sir.

E. GENT. (*coughing with vexation and embarrassment*). Ahem !

Y. GENT. You seem to have a cold, sir.

E. GENT. Not at all, sir. Are you looking or anything, may I ask ?

Y GENT. I am looking for what I have found.

E. GENT. (*aside*). Found ! What can he mean ? (*aloud*) You are acquainted, perhaps, with——

Y. GENT. Exactly so. (*mimicking*) I am acquainted with——

E. GENT. Ah, really ! (*aside*) Then he is a rival ! (*aloud*) And you wish, perhaps—hem ! hem !

Y. GENT. Precisely. (*mimicking*) I wish—hem ! hem ! (*aside*)—you at the devil. If he would only go one way or the other ! The position is getting embarrassing.

E. GENT. (*aside, sitting at table* R.). He may retire, if I show myself determined to stay.

Y. GENT. (*sitting* L.). He shall see that I am resolved to sit him out; and then perhaps he'll mizzle. (*they sit, turning their backs. After a pause, in which they show marks of impatience, they look round.*)

E. GENT. (*aside*). Confound the young fellow !

Y. GENT. (*aside*). Has the old stick taken root ?

E. GENT. (*getting up. Aside*). My suspicions must be cleared up. Suppose I were to pretend to go—leave him free to pay his visit; then I might see——

Y. GENT. (*aside, without rising*). He seems disposed to quit the field ; the best thing he can do.

E. GENT. (*gruffly, going to* L. D.). Good-day, sir.

Y. GENT. (*rising, and making a very ceremonious bow*). Sir, your most obedient, very humble servant. (ELDERLY GENTLEMAN *grunts loudly, and exit* L. D. YOUNG GENTLEMAN *bursts out laughing.*)

Y. GENT. Victory ! The day is mine ! The enemy has fled ! That heavy artillery of his (*mimics* ELDERLY GENTLEMAN'S *grunt*) was a last shot. I had better profit by his retreat to make an immediate attack. (*goes briskly towards* R. D., *then stops*) 'Pon my soul, I like my own impudence ! This is one of the biggest bits of effrontery I ever—Well, isn't impudence the current coin of the age ? Brass buys more nowadays than any amount of sterling gold. Look at the orchestras in modern operas. There's brass for you ! (*mimics playing the trombone and trumpets with his voice*) It overpowers all your old-fashioned fiddles, and does double the effect in half the number of bars. Brass be my metal, then. Courage ! Faint heart never won fair lady. I'll knock. (*knocks at* R. D. *and*

listens) What a sweet voice murmurs (*mimicking*) "Come in"! O, it shot right through my heart! Now, quick, forwards, march!

[*Exit*, L. D.

ELDERLY GENTLEMAN *peeps in* L. D., *then enters in a rage.*

E. GENT. He *is* gone in! And she receives this unknown rival. Perfidious woman! Could I have ever dreamed that she would have encouraged such a being when *I* tendered *my* suit? But these young jackanapes fellows think they are to carry everything before them, and run an experienced man of the world off the course. What infernal conceit! But conceit is the vice of youth. It is only at a certain age that a man is able to appreciate his own merit with any true discernment. (*walking about angrily*) Surely she can never prefer such a young puppy to me—such a bit of marabout feather as that (*blows through his fingers*) to the solid. (*banging floor with his umbrella*) The solid? No, no; it is impossible. Such a little nobody-knows-who—not even a real gentleman, I'll be sworn; for I caught him looking through the keyhole—I am sure of it; and if there is anything that is dirty, and mean, and low, and ungentlemanly, it is such an action as that. O, it's beneath me to be jealous! But I own I should like to know what they are about all this time. O, I can't stand it any longer!

Goes to R. D., *and looks through the keyhole. At the same moment the door opens violently. The* YOUNG GENTLEMAN *enters precipitately, and knocks the* ELDERLY GENTLEMAN *down.*

Y. GENT. Sent about my business, by Jove! (*mimicking woman's voice*) She wondered at my effrontery. Threatened to ring for the waiter. I never was in such a rage in my life.

E. GENT. (*who has been trying in vain to get up, in a passion, and slips down again with a cry of pain*). O!

Y. GENT. (*turning*). What's this? old Philander floundering like a porpoise on the floor.

E. GENT. Sir, you have knocked me down!

Y. GENT. How could you be so awkward as to stand in my way, then? But I forgive you You may get up.

E. GENT. (*sitting up*). He forgives me! I shall burst with rage! (*struggles in vain to get up.*)

Y. GENT. What! you can't? Rheumatic, I suppose. Such inconveniences will afflict elderly gentlemen. (*gives him a hand to help him up.*)

E. GENT. (*accepting the hand, with rage*). Rheumatic! no, sir, I am not rheumatic! (*getting up with a wry face*) What do you mean by "rheumatic," sir? (*rubs his back with pain*) Do you mean to insult me, sir?

Y. GENT. (*aside*). Well, so be it! I came for a spree. A quarrel

instead of a courtship! I must be revenged on some one for my disappointment and mortification. (*aloud*) Insult you, sir? as you will, sir!

E. GENT. (*drawing himself up*). You must be aware, sir, that I am in a position to demand the satisfaction of a gentleman.

Y. GENT. As you will, sir.

E. GENT. The satisfaction of a gentleman, I say, sir!

Y. GENT. And I answer, "As you will, sir." Are you deaf as well as rheumatic? Deafness is another inconvenience which *will* afflict elderly gentlemen.

E. GENT. (*in a towering passion*). Deaf, sir? No, sir; nor blind, sir! I can see that you are my rival in the affections of the lady in that room, sir.

Y. GENT. So! you pretend to the affections of—Ha, ha, ha!

E. GENT. (*aside*). The fellow's laughing at me into the bargain. (*aloud*) And you fancy, perhaps, that you are the preferred one. But you are mistaken, sir.

Y. GENT. Elderly gentlemen are subject to mistakes as well as young ones, sir.

E. GENT Elderly again! Sir, you shall fall, or I.

Y. GENT. As it may happen, sir.

E. GENT. I say, "You shall fall, or I!"

Y. GENT. And I answer, "As it may happen, sir!" The poor old fellow is as deaf as a post.

E. GENT. (*suffocating with rage*). Old fellow! Deaf! Very well, sir! very well! I shall go and settle the preliminaries. I have a friend in the house; he shall wait on you here immediately.

Y. GENT. Let him wait.

E. GENT. I tell you, sir, he shall wait on you here.

Y. GENT. (*bawling*). And I reply, "Let him wait!" That old man will ruin my lungs.

E. GENT. (*turning away with an angry grunt*). Ough! (*aside*) It's as well matters have turned out thus. My duel will make a noise at the club; she will hear of it; and the impression will be clenched if I can wing the fellow. Ah, ha! I haven't forgot a trick or two of the trigger yet! (*makes the action of shooting towards the* YOUNG GENTLEMAN, *and exit*, L. D., *furious.*)

Y. GENT. He's off, and I'm in for it! Well, I wanted an adventure, and I have got one, though it is none of the gayest. No matter, there's plenty of excitement in it. Pistols for two—Chalk Farm—distance measured—stand taken—one—two—three—off we pop. Elderly individual makes a wry face—or I—I? To be sure it may be I. I may be packed off, six feet by three—"very snug lying"—hat-bands and mourning-coaches—(*gradually going over into emotion*) and my second mother, following me, flooded in tears—her heart broken—I didn't think of her. (*sits down*) She would die of grief, she who believes me the steadiest of men, and loves me more than life. Come, come, no more of this! (*springs up*) These vain

imaginings are out of place. I am not going to write my epitaph yet. (*gayly again*) Ah! here comes old Philander again, and without his friend. He surely can't mean to show the white feather.

Enter ELDERLY GENTLEMAN, L. D., *with a letter.*

E. GENT. Ah! you are still here?

Y. GENT. Didn't I tell you I should wait? But you are so deaf. (*beginning to bawl*) I told you——

E. GENT. (*stopping his ears*). There, that will do, sir! I am not deaf, I tell you. I have not yet seen my friend. But I go immediately; you shall not escape me, sir. But first I have a service to render you.

Y. GENT. A service to me?

E. GENT. Which my injured dignity calls for at my hands. On the stairs of the hotel I met my intended's maid; she started at the sight of me in evident confusion, and endeavored to conceal a letter. There could be no doubt, from her manner, it was a communication intended for my rival. I tore it from her hands, and I bring it you myself, sir. This rival is evidently you; there can be no other.

Y. GENT. (*aside*). Can the fair one have relented, and sent after me to apologize? By Jove! it must be so!

E. GENT. (*reading address aside*). "Sir Charles Fancourt." Now I know my detested rival's odious name. (*aloud*) There, sir, is your letter. (*gives it*) It shall decide which of the two is to resign his pretensions to the lady.

Y. GENT. (*taking letter and opening it without looking at the address*). "Dear Sir Charles"—Sir Charles! why, this letter is not intended for me. Hollo! what's here? (*reading*) "That silly coxcomb, Mr. Dashwood—" (*aside*) How the deuce did she know my name?

E. GENT. "Silly coxcomb!" Perfidious woman!

Y. GENT. Thank you, sir. It is odious to use such unladylike expressions.

E. GENT. Thank you, sir; so it is.

Y. GENT. You are very kind. It's unheard of.

E. GENT. You are very kind. It's abominable, to use such an epithet to me!

Y. GENT. No, sir! to me! It's addressed to me!

E. GENT. No, sir! It is I who am the silly coxcomb!

Y. GENT No, sir! It is I who am the silly coxcomb!

E. GENT. Your pardon, it is I!

Y. GENT. No, I!

E. GENT. It is I who am the above-mentioned Dashwood, sir.

Y. GENT. But *my* name is Dashwood, too, sir.

E GENT. You don't say so?

Y. GENT. You are Algernon Dashwood, senior?

E. GENT. And you, Algernon Dashwood, junior? My boy, whom my sister Mary brought up when I became a widower!

Y. GENT. Yes, papa!

E. GENT. My son!

Y. GENT. In your arms, papa! (*they embrace*) And the voice of Nature never spoke in your bosom?

E. GENT. I rather think we both bellowed too loud to let it be heard. Mary wrote me word you were studying at Oxford, a sober-sided bookworm. (*shaking his head*) But I fear, from all I have seen to-day, that you are a sad scapegrace, Algy.

Y. GENT. As Aunt Mary always told me my father was before me.

E. GENT. Your Aunt Mary is a fool. Give me the fatal letter. (*aside*) I hadn't seen the jackanapes since he was in his cradle; and to think he should have grown up to this, like a head of asparagus in a hotbed! Why, he'll kick me off the perch, and I shall be a grandfather before I can pop the question to a pretty woman again. As for that confounded jilt, I renounce her forever; for there is a preferred rival, after all.

Y. GENT. Shall it be "forgive and forget," papa?

E. GENT. We are both conceited puppies, I fear, and both have had a lesson. So let's shake hands on it.

Y. GENT. I'm proud of being a chip of the old block, papa.

E. GENT. Ah, my boy! we'd better hold our tongues about it. Perhaps our friends might say we have neither of us any reason to be proud of the little comedy we played when we appeared as——

BOTH (*laughing*). Two gentlemen at Mivart's.

CURTAIN.

PLAYS.

DICK'S AMERICAN EDITION.

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THE TRAIN TO MAURO. An amusing interlude in one act, by S. A. Frost. Characters, one male, one female, and a little boy. Time, about fifteen minutes. Scene, the waiting-room of a railroad station. The loquacious Mrs. Buttermilk and her *enfant terrible* nearly miss their train through a misunderstanding in regard to "to-morrow" and "to Mauro."

TWO GENTLEMEN AT MIVART'S. An interlude in one act by J. Palgrave Simpson. Two male characters only. Scene, an ante-room in Mivart's Hotel. Time, about twenty minutes. A very entertaining duologue in which an old and a young gentleman are mutually objects of disdain, jealousy and rivalry, only to find out that they are father and son.

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A SUDDEN ARRIVAL. A laughable farce in one act, by Frederick Hay. Seven male characters. Scene, a furnished room. Time, about forty-five minutes. A convivial party is broken up by the sudden return of an old gentleman, and their abortive attempts at concealment are funny, extremely so, to the discomfort of the unwelcome intruder.

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ACTING PLAYS

MALE & FEMALE CHARACTERS.

	M	F
A Household Fairy, How she got him and kept him	1	1
A Kiss in the Dark, Kissing on the sly and the results	2	3
All at Sea, A brilliant little comedy	3	2
A Medical Man, Blunders, deception, and happiness	2	1
An Eligible Situation, Love, burglary and bliss	2	6
A Pair of Pigeons, Groundless jealousy cured	1	1
A Silent Protector, Ludicrous effects of a portrait	3	2
A Terrible Secret, A harmless hoax with roaring effects	2	2
Fairly Taken In, Funny cure for jealousy	1	1
Fireside Diplomacy, Cure for a henpecking wife	2	2
From Punkin Ridge, A rascal unmasked, dialect characters.	6	3
His First Brief, Love making accidentally; very bright	3	2
Money Makes the Man, Love triumphs over Avarice	4	3
The Stage Struck Clerk, Innocence triumphs over guilt	6	2
The Dutchman's Ghost, Squelching a dunderhead Dutchman	5	2
The Student's Frolic, Lots of funny situations	3	2
The Train to Mauro, Fussy old lady and terrible boy	2	1
"Wanted, A Young Lady," "Diamond cut diamond," nobody hurt	2	1

MALE CHARACTERS ONLY.

An Army of Applicants, Dude, sport, bummer, Pat, etc.	6
A Most Unwarrantable Intrusion, How he won her	2
A Sudden Arrival, Consternation and general rumpus	5
Furnished Apartments, Rival lodgers and fun	5
Jack of all Trades, Very funny cure for fickleness	6
Poisoned, Funny, but he didn't die	4
Two Gentlemen at Mivart's, Strangers: rivals; a discovery	2

FEMALE CHARACTERS ONLY.

A Slight Mistake, Odd effects of an inverted lottery prize ticket	5
A Spanking Legacy, A vendetta, with comical terrors	5
Mrs. Willis's Will, Girls at loggerheads and lots of fun	5
Slighted Treasures, Girlish jealousy and spite exposed	4
The Duchess of Mansfeldt, Fun in a village	7

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